



THE MAID OF ST. MARINO.

[Continued from our last.]

The malignant aspect of Carlotti, as he pronounced these last words, expressed the triumph of an infernal; and when Taverini was seized, he readily resigned himself to the same guard, who led them off amidst the shouts of a rejoicing multitude.

Lady Juliana, on the departure of these culprits, advanced with a timid air to Vanzenza, who could scarcely support himself under the various conflicts of hope, surprise, horror, joy and doubt: a cold perspiration hung on his forehead, and he was sinking on the gaoler's shoulder; when, perceiving the Countess's intention, he struggled with his feelings, and strove to receive her with a forced tranquillity.

She gazed on his agitated features, caught the hand which trembled in her grasp, and burst into tears—"Forgive, oh, thou most injured of human beings!" apostrophized the poor Lady—"forgive the unintentional wrongs done you by a creature, who was made to believe you guilty of the worst and cruellest excesses!"

Here, overpowered by the keenness of self-condemnation, she stooped—she could not articulate any thing more than her earnest desire to see him immediately upon his liberation, when she would explain the horrible arts by which her credulity had been worked upon, her judgment misled, and even her humanity made to appear as a criminal weakness, that militated against the purity of conjugal affection.

Vanzenza kissed the hand which retained his; and being called upon to attend the decision of the judges, summoned every remnant of fortitude to hear a sentence, which even then he in some measure dreaded to receive, while his acquired composure, and the long course of suffering he had endured, gave him, in almost every one's estimation, the merit of a martyr.

"You were brought hither, Signor Vanzenza," said the denouncer of his fate, "under a striking and probable impression of murdering your brother, Francis Count Vanzenza.—I, from a coalition of circumstances, unnecessary now to go over, found indispensable reason for your undergoing the ordinary question! and from the manner in which you bore it, I deduced on your part a criminal obstinacy, and felt myself justified in inflicting the second degree. It was soon after this event that an application was made to me to extend your confinement, from an idea that although positive proof was wanting, yet there was little reason to doubt the reality of your crime; in consequence you were not liberated till the prosecution fell to the ground by the disappearance of a material evidence; and after your departure from Naples, the remembrance of Count Vanzenza's assassination remained upon the minds of those who were interested in the discovery of a transaction, for which no particular motive could be applied: till at length, wearied by wrong conjectures, those who were most eager for the development gradually remitted every enquiry; but on a late application for a renewal of the prosecution of you, Roderigo Vanzenza, I referred Signor Taverini to the ecclesi-

astic powers for your seizure, reserving to myself the privilege of again trying this extraordinary cause.—It now appears that, in consequence of Carlotti Dolci's self-crimination, you, Roderigo, now Count Vanzenza, are fully and honorably acquitted—restored to the title and estates of the deceased Francis. And I have further to say, that it will be expected that you become an actual accuser of Taverini, as the heir of your late brother." So saying, the court broke up, amidst the plaudits and whispering execrations of a splendid audience, for there were few present who did not condemn the unfeeling precipitation of Vanzenza's former sentence.

The news of their Lord's acquittal, and his expected arrival, reached the ancient domestics residing with Lady Juliana, and converted a most gloomy residence into the abode of peace and joy. Tancred was amongst the foremost to pay his duty, and conduct the count to his sister's chamber; who (upon sight of a venerable and now beloved relative, returned, as she would hope, to forgive and allow for the dreadful mistakes of premature judgment) evinced the liveliest marks of unfeigned tenderness—"My brother!" exclaimed the Countess,—"you have pardoned—yes, I feel you have pardoned, the delusion which has cost you so dear, attained a noble character, and barbarously struck at your life; yet if any natural reluctance remains, listen, I entreat you, to my exculpation."

"Cease, dear and respectable Juliana," answered Roderigo: "the exemplary retribution you have forwarded proves your innocence respecting my calamity. Do not, then, mix with the information I most eagerly wish to receive any invective against a conduct, which I am sure, your motives will justify.

Delighted with this generous assurance, she bowed her gratitude; and while refreshments of every delicate nature were preparing for the exhausted sufferer, she entered upon the following detail of horrible facts.

"The ascendancy which Giovanni Taverini obtained in our family, certainly originated in that littleness which marked the character of Count Francis, who sacrificed to his own temporary ease the quiet the safety, and I fear his life. Left either to the dissipated society of a certain Cassino, or the yet more fascinating conversation of my cousin, no wonder I ceased to regret the lassitude of a husband, who seldom indulged me with the company which I should have undoubtedly preferred; and the death of a dear infant adding a forcible motive for my avoiding retirement, I became yet more indebted to Giovanni for his attention.

"Soon after my child's demise the base incendiary began to poison my mind against you: He urged the advantage Leonilla's departure would prove, suppose I had no other offspring; spoke of the Count's declining health as a cause of the dreadful suspicion of your reftitude; and even insinuated a possibility—O, my Lord, I tremble to say that the uncle of my lost babe was obliquely accused of her destruction, and her father's ill health!"

"Monster of impiety!" groaned the indig-

nant Vanzenza.—Lady Juliana would have waved a further explanation of the pernicious business, but he entreated her to proceed, which she did, and declared her abhorrence and disbelief of such a diabolical hint, till, by various means too tedious to develop, at that period, he so far obtained her credence as to induce doubts of Roderigo's innocence, which the assassination of her unhappy Lord confirmed.

"No wonder, then," added she, weeping bitterly, "that I countenanced those barbarous proceedings against you.—No wonder I joined in the renewed prosecution, after so many years had elapsed. In pursuing such a fratricide I thought myself completely justified, nor imagined myself otherwise than truly just in thus endeavoring to rid the world of one so criminal. But, oh, what a shock did the intelligence of Carlotti produce this eventful morning! Maddening with rage, pierced with grief for the evils I had caused, and indignant at my own credulity, I could scarce hear the murderer's story to an end.—He will be lost!" I cried: "fly, Carlotti—accuse the barbarian—defend the noble Count.—But I will go myself and defy the wretch." Pleased with my proposal, Dolci accompanied me with a wild and savage eagerness; telling me, as I almost flew, that Taverini had begun his terrible career of infamy by spiriting away my child from the woman to whom she was entrusted."

"At what time was this deed of cruelty performed?"

"About fourteen years since."

"And Lucia is now fifteen."

"Lucia?" exclaimed the Countess.

"Pardon me, Lady Juliana—I was rather absent."

Vanzenza's agitation could not be concealed from his sister; and she entreated him to explain what he meant by such a strange observation. Perceiving he had raised suspicion not easy to be done away, he went into a detail of the occurrences at St. Marino, not forgetting the ring he had seen in Lucia's possession.

This was to be, indeed, a day of wonders, for before Vanzenza concluded his little story, suddenly appeared that very object about whom the Countess appeared so anxious, who rushed in, followed by the honest Jacques; and careless of consequences, threw herself upon the astonished Vanzenza's bosom, expressing at the same time her joy at his deliverance, and this in terms so wild, yet artless, calling him by the most endearing titles, that Lady Juliana overcome by her own feelings, approached with trembling feet to take a part in the ecstatic scene.

Lucia, raising her eyes, now felt somewhat abashed at the dignified appearance before her, and would have retreated, but the Count catching her hand, and addressing his sister—"This, dear Lady—this," he cried, "is the sweet girl, the mention of whose name gave rise to—"

He could say no more, the Countess had caught a view of Lucia's ring.

"That ring," she tremulously observed, "was—yes—it was my husband's. Who, then can this lovely creature belong to?"

(To be continued.)

ON GOOD FORTUNE.

A reliance on good fortune, or that extraordinary concurrence of events, we do not foresee, supports a man in imminent danger, elevates his soul, and lessens that dread which he otherwise would feel in his mind: when about to execute some great achievement, he sees and weighs the difficulties and dangers he has to encounter.

This reliance on his good fortune produced that noble presumption which Cæsar, when yet but young, showed during his imprisonment in the Island of Pharmacusa, among the pirates of Cilicia; who were then, by reason of their large ships and numerous fleets, masters of the sea, and at the same time, men of the most sanguinary characters. Cæsar sent all his attendants to the adjacent towns, to collect money for his ransom, and stayed, accompanied only by his physician and two servants, with these barbarians whom he treated with great contempt: often when he went to rest, he ordered them to be silent, and not to disturb his sleep. The Cilicians required twenty talents for his ransom; and Cæsar, laughing at them as if they did not know what a valuable prisoner they had, promised them fifty. He continued perfectly easy and intrepid for near six weeks, jesting and diverting himself with these rude outlaws. He composed discourses and poems, which he read to them, and called such as were not affected by them barbarians and idiots. He went so far as often to assure them, with a laughing countenance, that he would have them all hanged; and, in fact, he hardly regained his freedom, before taking some ships which he found in the harbour of Melitum, he directly attacked these pirates close to Pharmacusa, took the greatest part of them prisoners, and condemned them to be crucified.

MODE OF WRITING AMONG THE TURKS.

THE art of writing is not general among the Turks, and, when they are in love with a person to whom they cannot have easy access, they have a mode of writing their sentiments without pen, ink, or paper, by the means of flowers, fruits, woods, silks, stuffs, and colours, of which they make a packet, each article having an allegorical sense: this packet they call a SELAM.

Those who employ this mode of communication have always a casket full of things to compose a SELAM. They have a dictionary, which they know by art, of the allusions they wish to give by their flowers, &c. Thus.

An ambret signifies, "We are both of one mind."

A piece of rose bush, "I weep continually, but you decide my tears."

A piece of cloth, "I am tired with your importunities."

A piece of canvas or buckram, "We shall be together to-morrow."

A piece of silk, "You have gained my mind."

A looking-glass, "I am ready to sacrifice myself to you."

A pistol, "I love you very much."

A grain of a raisin, some blue silk, a pea, a morsel of sugar, and a piece of the wood of aloes, arranged in certain order, forms a billet-doux to this purpose:

"My heart, I am in love with you; the pain which my love occasions me has nearly deprived me of my senses: my heart passionately desires you. Give my disease the necessary remedy."

ANECDOTE.

DR. Radcliff, the founder of the magnificent library at Oxford, was a person of a very singular character. He told Dr. Mead, "I love you, and now I will tell you a sure secret to make your fortune; use all mankind ill." It was certainly his own practice. He owned he was avaricious, even to spunging. He would, whenever he any way could, at a tavern reckoning, borrow a sixpence, of a shilling, among the rest of the company, under pretence of having to change a guinea, because it slips away so fast. He could never be brought to pay bills, without long running; nor then, if there appeared any chance of wearing them out. A pavier after many fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot, at his own door in Bloomsbury square, and set upon him. "Why you rascal," said the Doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work; why you have spoiled my pavement: and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work." "Doctor said the pavier, mine is not the 'only bad work that the earth hides.'" "You dog you," said the Doctor, "are you a wit? You must be poor, come in"—and paid him.

FOR THE NEW YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON A PIPE BROKEN AT SEA.

YE Gods! who rule the trembling lyre,
My youthful breast sublime inspire
To strike the tuneful string;
'Tis not a tale of hapless love,
The soul with sympathy to move,
My bosom burns to sing.

Nor deeds of might perform'd in arms,
Nor Virtue dress'd in all her charms,
Nor Honor's glorious wreath;
Nor thunders growling in the skies,
Nor lightning, hurling as it flies
Destruction round and death.

My soaring muse such notes disdains,—
Oh! hear, ye Gods! the lofty strains,
The tear of pity wipe;
My brimming eyes already stream,
For oh! it is a doleful theme,
I sing a broken pipe.

Ah! luckless pipe! and could not all my care
Save thee from cruel Fortune's stern decree;
My breast is torn with anguish and despair,
For I have lost a faithful friend in thee.

Curs'd be the day when first on yonder board
I plac'd thee ready, little thought thy doom,
With the best produce of Virginia stor'd—
I long'd to draw the renovating fume.

But, fatal disappointment! with this hand
To reach thy footy form in vain I strove;
Black Fate advanc'd, perform'd her dire command,
And made my fancied pleasure anguish prove.

Heav'd from my breast full many a grievous sigh,
As on the floor the founding pieces fell,
My soul recoil'd, a tear bedew'd my eye,
As to thy lengthy shank I bade farewell.

All my complaints were vain, for thou wast broke
Beyond the art of human-kind to mend;
No more from thee shall I inhale the smoke,—
Thy course is run,—inglorious was thy end.

Faithful companion of thy master's toil!
O'er oceans wide, to Asia's burning shore
Once did'st thou go,—once made his spirit smile,
But now I sicken, cheer'd by thee no more.

How oft have I, when rosy wine went round,
And mirth and joy fill'd up the passing hour,
Amid thy fumes supreme enjoyment found,
And own'd thy great, thy influential pow'r!

When from the board the dinner-cloth was mov'd,
And thoughts of distant friends usurp'd my breast,
When o'er the varying scenes of life I rov'd,
The pangs of retrospection thou suppress't.

Gone is that beauteous shank of noble length!
Faded from human fight thy ample bowl!
Oh! had they made thee of a proper strength,
I would have had thee still, and had thee whole!

Frail piece of clay,—once habitant of earth!
Once friend of man,—I bid a long farewell!
In praise of thee, and thy unequal'd worth,
Few are the tongues that would have sung so well!

Thus shall proud man in all his glory fall,
Science itself shall moulder and decay:
Time in one gen'ral ruin buries all,—
When God ordains frail mortals must obey!

And Beauty, glorious as the ev'ning sun,
Adorn'd in all its radiant pomp, shall fade;
Time strikes the blow, the deadly deed is done,
And the pale wither'd form in earth is laid.

And there to kindred dust that form shall waste,
That form that once unbounded transport gave,
For rav'nous worms a delicate repast,
The sole companions of th' unconscious grave!

Thus ev'n from broken pipes instruction springs,
And trifles often to advantage turn;
View with attention Nature's meanest things
For from them we inspiring truths may learn.

The vilest animal that dwells on earth,
Affords some useful lesson to the mind,
From the industrious ant of humble birth,
To the gay bird that proudly rides the wind.

D. M. C.

November 11, 1808.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

AN EXTRACT.

"MIRABEAU has said, that the Russians are the most malleable of all people. A young peasant rough, savage, timid, torn from his hamlet, is metamorphosed into an elegant and adroit footman, or a spruce and courageous soldier, in less than a month. His master, in a short time makes him his taylor, his musician, or even his surgeon, or counsellor at law.

"I had been told a hundred times, that the best way to teach them any thing was by blows. I could not believe it but I saw it was so. When a few hundred recruits are delivered to an officer to form a new battalion, the cloth and leather necessary for equipping them are given him at the same time. Having drawn the poor fellows up in a rank, he says to one, 'You shall be taylor to the company;' to another, 'You shall be shoemaker;' to a third, 'You shall be musician.' If they grumble, they receive some strokes with the cane; and a few bad implements are given them to go and practice at their respective employments. The casing is repeated occasionally, till they produce boot or garment tolerable well made, and can play the march of the regiment. 'But,' said I to a colonel, who boasted of having thus formed the Moscow grenadiers, 'among those men there must have been several who had exercised in their own villages the trades you wanted; why, instead of choosing them your self, did you not interrogate them on this head? he who could play on the BALALEIKA would have made a good fife; and he would have been the best shoemaker, who learned of himself to make lappas.' 'O,' (replied he) 'you are a stranger you know nothing of our Russians among all those fellows there is not one who would have confessed what he could do.' Strange and melancholy truth? But it is not so with the Russians alone; it is the same with the slaves of our country; and always will be, where a man is obliged to exert his corporal and mental faculties by compulsion."

MILITARY ANECDOTE.

AT the battle of Dettingen, one of the most esteemed British regiments gave way on the first onset of the enemy, and every man retired with no small precipitation, a Black Trumpeter excepted, who kept blowing his instrument until he was surrounded by the enemy, and taken. After an exchange of prisoners he returned to England, where he was so much noticed, that the proprietors of both Theatres gave him each a free benefit. The same regiment and same Black Hero, exhibited at Fontenoy: the former regained their honor by astonishing acts of bravery; the latter, in the height of the engagement, turned his white steed, and suddenly left the field.

Being afterwards, by some of his own regiment (I believe, a court martial), desired to account for a behaviour so very different from that which gained him so much applause, he replied—'Reproach had made them desperate, which at that time (meaning the time of engagement) was not his case.'

How far his reply may be just, we do not say: but his behavior agreed with the general opinion—that few men, however intrepid, have the same proportion of courage at all times.

EPITAPH ON A SUICIDE.

DENY'D a place in consecrated ground,
Here rests a wretch in this unhalow'd mound,
Who madly dar'd, with sacrilegious hand,
To quit the stage—nor waited heav'n's command;
Enter'd, precipitately, worlds unknown,
To read his sentence in his Maker's frown.
Stop, traveller!—these artless lines peruse,—
(This salutary warning of the muse I)
And learn this lesson from the hapless dead,
Ne'er rashly to curtail thy vital thread.
If friends and relatives should prove unkind;
If Conscience, with her scorpions, sting thy mind;
If Fortune frown, and Pain thy vitals tear;
To touch the sacred springs of life forbear.
Though dearest ties on earth ungrateful prove,
Live! and ensure one friend that dwells above,
Though Conscience wound thee for thy mis-spent days,
Oh, live!—repent—the future spend in praise!
Though thy past life has been one scene of care,
Still live—perhaps to-morrow may be fair.
Oh, reader! cherish thine existence still;
And wait—with patience wait—h' Almighty's will;
Serve him with humble fear, and thou shalt rise,
And gain "a bright reversion in the skies."

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1802.

London papers have been received to the evening of the 24th September, by the ship Juliana, capt. Brown arrived here, in 40 days passage.

An article from Leghorn mentions, that the American Squadron which blockaded Tripoli, having attempted a landing with two thousand men, were completely defeated. We totally distrust this report, as the whole of the crews of the Squadron most probably did not exceed that number. A small force landing for provisions was probably harassed or surrounded, and to no further extent is the rumor to be credited.

The British Parliament will meet on the 16 November, inst.

We are happy to announce that the report of the Death of the illustrious La Fayette, is without foundation.

The vintage throughout France promises to be very abundant.

Accounts from Malta state, that England has not yet manifested any disposition to evacuate that Island, and that a close communication is still kept up with Egypt.

Capt. Poulard, of the brig Favorite, arrived at Boston, fell in with, Oct. 24, in lat. 36. 44. long. 67. 16. the Spanish frigate Juno, of 34 guns, Don Juan Ignacio Buttilos, commander, in great distress, making so much water that the greatest exertions could scarcely keep her free. The Spanish captain requested capt. P. to stay by him and assist in getting the frigate to the nearest American land, at the same time putting on board three officers and four marines with provisions. Capt. P. accompanied the ship 3 days; on the 4th, in a very heavy gale he observed signals of greater distress and for abandoning the frigate, and run under her lee as near as possible. The unfortunate Spaniards waved their handkerchiefs and seemed almost in despair—and the ship rolled as if nearly full of water. At 9 A. M. her main mast went over her side—and her foremast fell alternately from side to side. Every effort was made to afford her assistance, but in vain. A fog occasioned capt. P. to lose sight of her. In half an hour it cleared away, but the ship was no more to be seen. Four hundred and thirteen persons, including several women and children were on board. She was bound from Porto-Rico for Cadiz, and had 100,000 dollars on board.

MELANCHOLY EFFECTS OF SLAVERY.

On Friday, 5th inst. about 8 o'clock, a melancholy instance of the effects of slavery was witnessed. A negro Man, belonging to a Frenchman, in Trenton, was, under the authority of the Mayor of that place, taken in charge by a constable to be delivered at New Castle, where a vessel was ready to convey him, his wife and child (and probably many others) to St. Domingo. The constable, negroes, and a French gentleman who appeared to act as a superintendent, arrived in town on Thursday morning about 4 o'clock, stopped at the house of Mr. P. Howell, iron-keeper, in 2d street, and about 8 o'clock, when they were apparently ready to depart for New-castle, the woman and child absconded; and the man, on being ordered into the carriage, turned about, walked a few steps, and with a pruning knife, which seemed prepared for the purpose, cut his throat in so shocking a manner, that he expired in a few minutes afterwards on the pavement. A Coroner's inquest was immediately held—and a verdict given, viz. "Suicide, occasioned by the dread of Slavery," to which the deceased knew himself devoted.

[Philadelphia paper.]

Extract from a Protest made by James Batchelder, late Master, Thomas Howland, Mate, and James Chisholm, seaman, on board the schooner Cornelia, belonging to Alexandria, bound home.

On the 26th of August last, the schooner Cornelia, with a cargo on board, left Montego Bay, in the island of Jamaica, bound to Alexandria, on the night of the 1st September, about 30 leagues from land, on the south side of Cuba, near the Isle of Pines, a sudden blow of wind struck the vessel and upset her, at which time the master and crew were all upon deck. The boat broke her girdles, in which the master crew and the supercargo, Mr. Talbot, who escaped from the cabin by accident, were saved; the cargo being composed of rum, the vessel did not sink, and they remained by the wreck until 8 o'clock next morning, endeavouring to save a passenger, Mr. Henry, a native of Carolina, who had not time to escape from the cabin, and to get a supply of water and provisions. In both

these objects they were disappointed, as they had neither axe or knife, and obtaining a spar for a mast for the boat, and a piece of the square sail, which they tore with their hands for a sail, without water, provisions or clothes, except what they had on when the vessel upset, they took their departure and stood for the south side of Cuba, which they made on the second day, and on the third landed near the Isle of Pines, about seventy leagues from Havannah. After procuring a passport from the Chief officer of the district, at the first village they entered, they proceeded on their journey to Havanna, experiencing incredible hardships from being obliged to travel without shoes and hats, through a country full of underwood, and where the rays of the sun were almost insupportable; they arrived at the gates of the city on the 21st September, and having been informed on the road that there were no American vessels in port, and that there was no American Consul or agent residing there, they requested from the Chief officer of the guards, a guide to conduct them to the Governor to whom their passport was directed, expecting his protection and assistance to return home; they had two interviews with him, and were then sent under the guard of four armed soldiers to the Gen. of marines, who ordered them on board a guard ship; on the evening of the next day they were examined by a marine officer, when the supercargo was liberated; they remained on board until the 18th September, when they were disembarked and marched to the Gen. of Marines, where they underwent a second examination by the marine department; they were then re-embarked on board the guard ship, where they were detained until the 23d Sept. Immediately after the supercargo was liberated, the most ample colonial bail had been offered for their persons, notwithstanding which, contrary to every principle of humanity, they were confined eleven days, suffering all the hardships of prisoners of war, in a loathsome vessel, obliged to sleep exposed to the weather, nearly naked, destitute of every convenience for the support of existence, and threatened with punishment unless they would work. Mr. V. Gray, acting as provisional agent of the United States at Havannah, used every exertion in their favor.

A dwelling house, belonging to Mr. John Lawlor, of Sackville, N. S. was consumed by fire on the night of the 23d ult. The loss is estimated at 2000l. sterling. It is also stated as a melancholy circumstance, attending this accident, that a Mr. John Blake, of Halifax, Edward M. Greith Peter Bruce, and Mr. John Harris and his wife, lodgers in the house, unhappily perished in the flames.

Private letters from Hamburg, under date of the 20th August, state, that Louis XVIII. who still keeps his Court at Warsaw, has refused to accept the annual alimony offered him by the courts of Prussia and Russia from a notion, that if he consented to receive such a sum in the shape of a pension, he would by so doing, forfeit his title of succession to the crown and kingdom of France, which his Majesty does not despair of obtaining some day or other. This unhappy Prince, whose mind is much depressed by the great calumnies and humiliations he has experienced, has written letters both to Frederick and Alexander. Thanking them for their magnanimous offer, but informed them, that he begged leave to decline any stipulated sum, but would appeal to them on proper occasions for what little his exigencies might require, in the proud hope of repaying all on the day of his restoration.

SOLINGEN, (GER.) August 25.

DREADFUL FIRE!

Last Tuesday was a day of horror, devastation, and alarm, to the town of Trade. In the morning, at nine o'clock, a fire broke out within the walls of that place, in a brew-house, which increased with such fury, that, in less than two hours, the whole town, consisting of 182 houses, was laid in ashes. There is scarcely a vestige left of any houses, except here and there the piece of a wall. The Roman church is standing. The Lutheran church lies in ruins, and the Reformed church has lost a part of its roof.

It is heart-rending to observe the misery of the poor inhabitants, who could scarcely save any thing from the flames, and are now without food or covering, in the orchards and the fields. It falls peculiarly hard on the aged—the infants at the breast—the infirm, and the sick; and unless speedy assistance be offered them, they must inevitably sink under the load of their miseries and wants. Several of the inhabitants perished in the flames; among whom was a Calvinistical Minister of the Gospel, aged 70.

COURT OF HYMEN.

WITHOUT a partner who can be content!
Oh! what is life without a generous friend,
Was it but just to breathe we here were sent,
Alone, unfocial all our days to spend?

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. John Townley, Mr. WILLIAM COMBS, to Miss PHEBE HUGHES, both of this city.

On Wednesday, at the Friends' Meeting House, JOHN R. WILLIS, Merchant, to MARTHA WILLIS, both of this city.

At Boston, lately, Mr. DANIEL BUTLER, merchant, of Northampton, (Mass.) to Miss ELIZA SIMPSON, of Boston.

In Devonshire, England Mr. NECK, to Miss HEELS. They are now tied NECK and HEELS.

MORTALITY.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

DIED.

On Wednesday evening the 3d instant, at New-Utrecht, (L.I.) in the 50th year of his age, Mr. JAMES TOD, who had been, for several years, a teacher of his private academy at that place. He was a native of Scotland, and long a resident in this country; a gentleman of the first education, and highly eminent for his abilities as a teacher. He possessed the finest attributes of man—he was an affectionate husband, a tender parent, a sincere friend, a good citizen, and a pious christian. His loss will be severely felt by a wife and seven children, and sincerely regretted by all those who had the happiness of his acquaintance. We are happy to learn that Mr. STONE, a gentleman of liberal education, good character and experienced in teaching, is engaged to undertake the immediate superintendence of the Academy. The same branches of learning will be taught as heretofore, and the strictest attention paid to the morals of the students.

On Saturday last, after a lingering and painful illness, in the 54th year of her age, Mrs. SARAH LIVINGSTON, widow; relict of Ph. Livingston, Esq. of the Island of Jamaica.

At sea, on the 26th ult. of a cramp in the stomach, Capt. CHEW, late Commander of the ship John Morgan, of this port, esteemed by all who knew him. He has left an amiable wife and two children.

ANECDOTE.

A carter had three times been at Windsor with his cart to carry away upon summons of a removal from thence, some part of the stuff of Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe; and when he had repaired thither once, twice, and the third time, and they of the wardrobe told him the third time, that the removal held not, the Queen having changed her mind, the carter, clapping his hand on his thigh, said, "Now I see the Queen is a woman as well as my wife;" which words being overheard by her Majesty, who then stood at the window, she said, "What a villain is this?" and so sent him three angels to stop his mouth.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, will be presented, a Drama in four Acts, (never performed here) called

Peter the Great.

To which will be added, a celebrated Comic Opera, called

The Romp,

OR A CURE FOR THE SPLEEN.

25,000 Dollars the highest prize.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 1, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

JUST PUBLISHED.

And for sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3, Peck-Slip.

The Beggar Boy,

A NOVEL.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE POOR BEGGAR BOY.

OH I give a poor boy some relief;
Turn Pity's soft ear to his tale;
While he tells the sad cause of his grief,
Let the voice of compassion prevail.
Pale hunger sits on my wan cheek;
I'm lost to all comfort and joy;
In vain food and raiment I seek;
'Tis deny'd to the poor beggar boy.

Time was when contented I smil'd;
When no cares my poor breast did annoy;
But, alas! of Misfortune the child,
Now wanders the poor beggar boy.
Those parents I lov'd are no more!
No longer their smiles I enjoy!
And Time can, ah! never restore
That delight to the poor beggar boy.

All the day, cold and hungry, I roam,
To seek for an honest employ;
And at night there's no cottage or home
To receive the poor tired beggar boy.
Then O grant the small boon I require,
From the bountiful store you enjoy, I
Let me warm my chill'd hands by your fire,
And give food to the poor beggar boy.

That your treasure may daily increase,
That no cares may your comforts alloy,
That your years may be crowned with peace,
Is the wish of the poor beggar boy.
Soon shall famine and sorrow combin'd
My youth and my health quite destroy,
And kind death a sweet refuge shall find
For the wretched and poor beggar boy.

O. W. B.

THE IRISH INVALID.

AS Patrick O'Kelly was taking fresh air,
To recruit his ill-health and to chase away care,
He was met by a woman, old, withered and thin,
And to move his compassion she thus did begin:
"Kind Sir! give me alms, for I perish with want;"
"I've plenty," said he, "and faith but you shan't."
When thus she continued, "I knew you'd relieve me,
"And now I will speak, for I'm sure you'll believe me:
Good Sir! you must know me, for I was your nurse."
He started with horror, and put up his purse.
"I know thee too well, now I look at thy features;
I know thee too well, O! thou basest of creatures;
And sooner, by far, than give thee a groat,
Thou wretch! I'd destroy thee, and cut my own throat:
For I was a healthy, stout child as you'd see,
Just such as I now most assuredly should be,
If thou, sinful hag--to my parents unknown,
Had'n't not wickedly chang'd me for one of thine own."

ANECDOTES.

AN extravagant fellow, who had got into the King's Bench prison for debt, was called upon by his creditor to know if there were any terms he could propose, as he did not wish to keep him there. "I'll pay, you see, in the pound, said the debtor." "But," replied the other, "you offered ten before." "True," answered the debtor, "but I have learnt a great deal here, and since you sent me to College you must even pay for my education."

A young man, (not a paddy) the other day relating the adventures of an unfortunate ride with a lady, very seriously concludes thus: "I drove down the hill to a bridge with full force, when the carriage wheel came off, and the first Land we made was up to our necks in Water!"

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Just published, and to be had at Fencion's Head, No. 1 of the City Hotel, Broadway, a SUPPLEMENT to the CATALOGUE of H. CARITAT's general and increasing Circulating Library, part III, containing a selection from his last importations of the latest and most approved books in all ARTS and SCIENCES, being a continuation of the original collection, the first catalogue of which was published in the year 1799, to be had also at said Library to make the present complete. 28th August.

MORALIST.

TO merit the esteem of men, it is sufficient to be able to regulate our actions according to the civil laws of society; but to render ourselves beloved, they must be embellished with delicacy and grace. Acts of humanity, goodness of heart, and greatness of soul, necessarily attract respect; but even these do not always ensure happiness. Happiness is a continual exchange of benefits given and received, and may be found in an uninterrupted repose of the soul and calm of the sense. Such situations are easily imagined, but seldom realized; yet by persisting in the search of them they are sometimes found. Like a painter, who, to imitate nature, defaces a hundred times his first sketch, considers and examines in difficult lights the object he wishes to copy, and when he has cut it in the true point of view easily gives its likeness: thus man, affected in a lively manner by every thing around him, is ruffled by various objects, till examining, and by degrees discovering the truth, he becomes the master of his passions. The principal causes of our misfortune arise from the sensibility of the heart and the caprices of the mind. The great and important labour to be performed is to moderate this sensibility, when our desires will soon become less lively, and our caprices less frequent.

Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

It is acknowledged by many of the most eminent of the faculty to be infinitely superior to any other Lotion that ever has been used, for smoothing and brightening the Skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent restorative for removing and entirely eradicating the destructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Those who through inadvertency make too free use of those artificial heighteners of the bloom, will experience the most happy effects from using GARDNER'S LOTION, as it will restore the skin to its pristine beauty, and even increase its lustre. It expeditiously and effectually clears the skin from every description of blotches, pimples, ringworms, tetters and prickly heat. A continued series of the most satisfactory experience, has fully proved its super-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, sun-burns, redness of the neck and arms, &c. and restoring the skin to its wonted purity. In short, it is the only cosmetic a lady can use at her toilette with ease and safety, or that a gentleman can have recourse to, when shaving has become a troublesome operation, by reason of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and sold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medicinal Store, No. 159 Broadway, and at Mr. John Cauchois's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do. also at Mr. J. Hopkins's, No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price---pints 1 dollar 25 cents---half pints 75 cents.
May 22d, 3m. T 12S

GEORGE YOULE,

PLUMBER and PEWTEER, No. 298 Water-street, between Peck and New-slips, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he carries on the above business extensively; and that any orders with which he may be favored will be executed with punctuality and dispatch on moderate terms. Sheet Lead manufactured, equal to any imported. Worms for Sills, Candle Moulds, and a general assortment of Pewter Articles. An Apprentice wanted to the above business. Oct. 16, 29 1Y

HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN, Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Ringworms, Tan, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Nose, Neck or Arms, and Prickly Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been administered by the inventor, for several years while in England with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid for a short time, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurf in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every person so afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Dispensary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, sold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents. July 24

TO THE PUBLIC.

A REPORT having prevailed for some time, that the FURRIERS, who carry on business in WILLIAM-STREET, have, from time to time, sold colored or dyed Bear and Martin Skin Muffs and Tippets, and attempted to palm them on the public as the genuine color of the skin:---I beg leave thus publicly and solemnly to declare, that I never have sold any such base and spurious articles; and altho' I cannot deny the probability of such articles having been offered for sale in the above-mentioned Street, yet I pledge myself to my friends, customers and the public, that none such have, or ever shall be offered for sale in my store.

FRANCIS WUNNENBERG.

120 William-Street, Sept. 30, 1802. 27 gm

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having seen and read a Note directed to the Public, dated September 30th, 1802, respecting a report said to have been propagated, namely that the furriers in William Street palming dyed or coloured Martin Muffs and Tippets on the public as the genuine and natural colour of the Fur---And likewise an Advertisement of a variety of Muffs, Tippets, and Caps, for sale in the above named Street---Takes leave to inform the public in general, or any individual, by what means to discover the imposition above alluded to: If they or any of them are already deceived as aforesaid, in order to discover dyed or coloured fur, blow thereon, and you will find the skin dark, contrary to the genuine, which is white; likewise wet the finger of a white kid glove, rub the same on the short fur next to the skin, and you will find the glove stained. But, as you may yet be deceived, notwithstanding the above directions, I shall name another that cannot fail; that is, the dyed or colored muffs are precisely one shade without such dark stripes as are on the natural or genuine. If any person or persons should think their own judgment incompetent to discover said fraud, they may call at No. 84 Maiden-lane, or at No. 1 Liberty-street, and I pledge myself to discover the dyed or colored fur from the natural shade of any kind whatsoever. In the advertisement above intended, I find offered for sale a variety of articles in the fur line; and having followed the Furriers business for 20 years in Europe and America, find himself at a loss what is meant by German brown muffs and tippets. The Martin fur worked in Germany is not so dark and valuable as our Albany Martins. As to mock Brown Martin fur if that be not dyed or coloured, I know not what to name it.---Black Genet fur is black Cat; brown do. is colored Cat; mock Martin, so called by many, is Mink fur. CARL A. HOFFMANN, FURRIER. October 23, 1802. 4w.

For the Use the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 84 William-street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Aromatic Balm for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizzets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise Shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c. June 26 13 3m

ROBERT LITTLE,

Inform his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, at No. 9 Beekman-Slip, the best of London Brown Stout, and Porter, Philadelphia Porter warranted to keep in any climate; New-York Porter; Newark bottled Cider:---Also Claret wine of a superior quality. Cash for empty Bottles. June 19, 18

Almanacs

By the groce, dozen, &c. for sale at No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Printed & Published by JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Price---One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum,

PAID IN ADVANCE.